



BIG TOP

RANCE KEANE

FEATURE

COMICS

MARCH

STOP THIEF!!
YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE THE
DOLL MAN!

LALA PALOOZA

MICKEY FINN

SPIN SHAW

CAPTAIN FORTUNE

No. 30
10c

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED

"OH DOCTOR~ I ALWAYS HAVE TO UNWRAP THINGS THE MOMENT I SEE 'EM!"



"YOU CAN'T SEE IT MISTER~ BUT YOU NEED A SHINE!"



"HEY! TELL THIS LION I'M TARZAN~ AND BOSS HERE!"



"THERE'S A BUTTERFLY IN MY SOUP~ IS DIS A SISSY JOINT?"



Boys--Girls! Solve this Puzzle!

It's Fun--Try It!

In this picture are several Fairbanks Characters, and just below are the names of each. Can you make them? It's easy! Exchange the letters and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the story book folk. For example, the letters "EPTTE APN" are 2. when placed in right order spell "PETER PAN". You can find in the picture with his pipe playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL DE-EMT
2. EPTTE APN
3. THTUPM YD UAMP
4. EDK GHYDE CORD
5. CAKJ MAD UEL

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

If you can solve the puzzle named at each one in this book, you can win a prize just like the one in the picture. It's a candy bank, and it's yours to keep!

This book is full of puzzles like these. You can win a prize just like the one in the picture. It's a candy bank, and it's yours to keep!



When You Solve the Puzzle

Try to solve the puzzle and to send in the correct answer. If you win, you can win a prize just like the one in the picture. It's a candy bank, and it's yours to keep!

BILLY WADE, JUNIOR SALES CLUB 101, TOPEKA, KANSAS

CLOCK STRIKES

THE
A COMPLETE STORY
BY ORSON WELLES



ORSON WELLES, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF THE FAMOUS CLOCK, HEADS HIS CAR OUT OF THE CITY FOR A SHORT VACATION.



AT THE SAME TIME, SPEEDING IN THE SAME DIRECTION, A GOVERNMENT AGENT CARRIES THE SECRET INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION PLANS OF THE COUNTRY TOWARD WASHINGTON.



LOOK AT THIS FOOL—DRIVING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD!



HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME-- WE'LL---

TURNING THE WHEEL SUDDENLY TO AVOID A COLLISION, THE AGENT SMASHES THROUGH A RAILING AND TUMBLES DOWN AN RUSSIAN DITCH.



CRASH!

AND SOON THE CLOCK SEES THE SAME WILD DRIVER BEATING DOWN ON HIM--



IF THIS FELLOW CRAZY... HE'LL HIT ME FOR SURE! I'LL PULL OVER AND GIVE HIM THE WHOLE ROAD-- IF THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS-- BUT TRY-- HE'S STILL COMING AT ME--

QUICKLY THE CLOCK TURNS ON THE MOTOR AND JUMPS OUT OF THE CAR--



THAT'S CLAY-- NO CRASH-- AND GET--



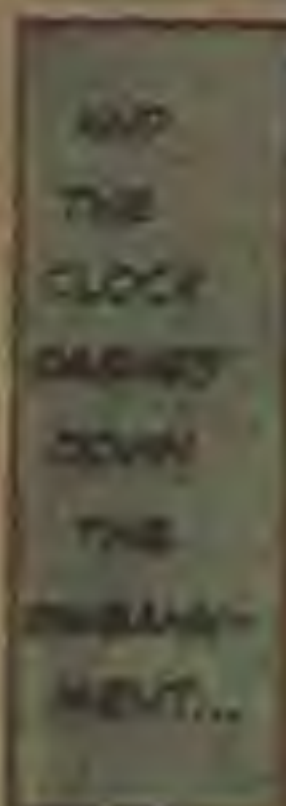
"I SAW THOSE HEADLIGHTS COMING DIRECTLY AT ME-- BUT NO CAR WENT BY-- THIS BEARS INVESTIGATION! WHAT'S THAT?"



THE ROADSIDE - A
MURDER - THE FULL WIDTH
OF THE ROAD -
A TRAP



SOMEONE WANTED
SOMEBODY TO
CRACK UP - AND
THEY DID - -
THROUGH
THAT
DAILING - - //



AND
THE
CLOCK
DROPPED
DOWN
THE
DRAINAGE
HOLE...



THERE MAY STILL
BE TIME TO HELP THE
POOR
FELLOW...



CARL - LISTEN! -
SOMEONE IS
COMING!

I'VE GOT THE PLANE - -
STOP NO ONE
IF IS AND WE
WILL GO!!



WITH HIS
THOUGHTS
ONLY
FOR THE
VICTIM
OF THE
ACCIDENT
THE CLOCK
IS AN
EASY
TARGET
FOR THE
ATTACKER -



CRACK!



A
HALF
HOUR
LATER - -
THE
CLOCK
REMAINS
CONSCIOUS -
NESS -



THE WRECK - -
IT'S GONE //



THERE'S THE MURDER WAGON
IT WAS DRAGGED BACK TO THE
ROAD - - WELL, WITHOUT
EVIDENCE AND NO
BODY, THERE'S NO
CASE AGAINST
THEY -



I KNOW ONE
THING - THERE'S NO
ORDINARY GANG OF
CROOKS - - AND
THAT MURDER - -
FINGERPRINTS



HAVING CHANGED HIS CLOTHES, THE CLOCK STARTS OUT TO RUN DOWN THE ONLY CLUE HE HAS FOUND---



A FEW
MINUTES
LATER,
THE
CLOCK
IS IN
FRONT OF
VOSS'S
APARTMENT.

HERE'S A DOLLAR, SON—
DELIVER THIS TO MR. VOSS... AND
DON'T WAIT FOR AN
ANSWER—



ONCE—
MORE
THE
CLOCK
IS
ABOUT
TO
START—

I'VE GOT ABOUT
THREE MINUTES
TO GET UP THERE—



AND
HE
STARTS
UP
THE
SIDE
OF THE
BUILDING.



MEAN-
WHILE—
VOSS HAS
RECEIVED
THE
CLOCK'S
MESSAGE

HURTZ—
LOOK!!—



HE WILL BE HERE
ANY MINUTE— I WILL
GET THE PLANS AND
WE WILL GO!!

HURRY, CARL—
I HEARD OF
HIM— HE'S TOUGH!



AN— THERE
HE IS!



READY,
MR. VOSS!

WHAT TH?— I—
I'M NOT
VOSS!





AND THE
CLOCK MAN
PROBABLY
A
CONCEALED
SPY IN
HIS
CAME
THE
HEAD
CLUB
OUT
AND
STORY
THE
SPY
IN
HIS
TRACKS...



JANE ARDEN





JANE ARDEN

By Marie Perle and Howard E. Shaw



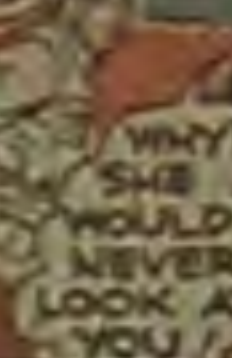
WHO IS THIS PERSON?



WHY WHERE IS YOUR M-MAID?



MY M-MAID?



HA-HA! WAIT! I'LL TELL JANE THAT!



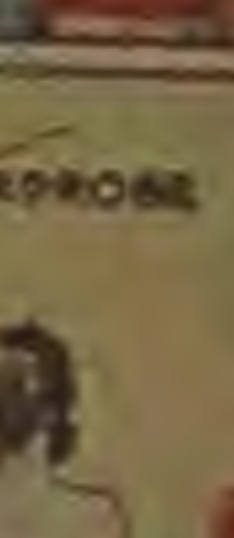
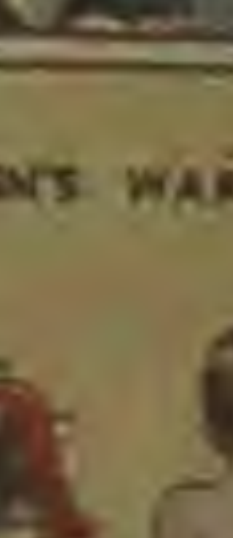
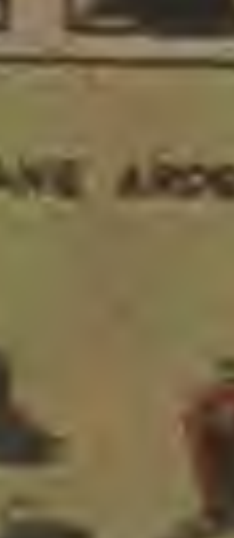
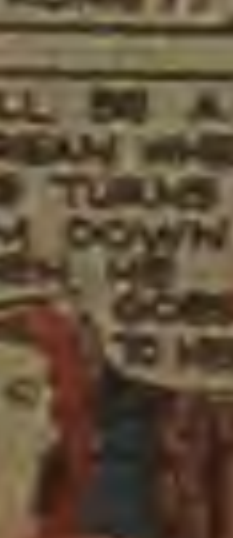
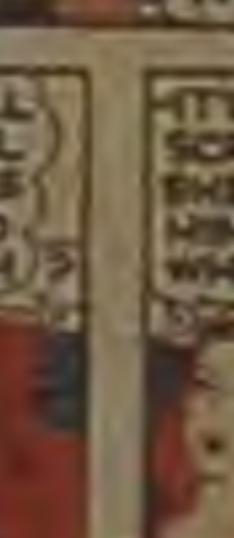
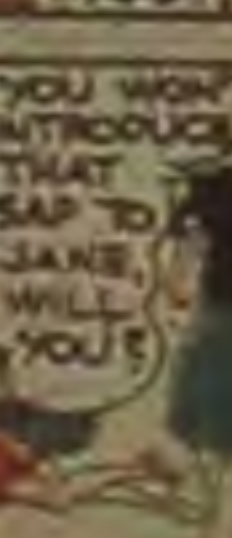
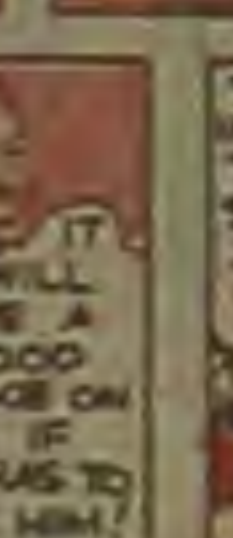
HUNT DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?



PLEASE DON'T TELL HER I SAID SOMETHING STUPID-- JUST INTRODUCE ME AND--



IT'LL BE A SCREAM WHEN SHE TURNS HIM DOWN WHEN HE GOES TO HER!



JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

AD
Pineapple

UP THE WATERS OF GREAT BEAR LAKE COME REYNOLDS AND CONSTABLE BURTON BOUND FOR MOOSE CREEK.



WE'RE ALMOST THERE, BURTON—KEEP ALONG THE SHORE!

YES, SIR!



THE YUKON MINING COMPANY IS SHIPPING FOUR THOUSAND OUNCES OF GOLD DUST TO THEIR BANK IN NUGGET CITY... AND THEY'RE AFRAID OF A HOLDUP—BUT THEY HAVE A PLAN—

THAT'S WHERE I COME IN—



THEIR PLAN IS TO SEND A FAKE SHIPMENT CONSISTING OF ORDINARY ROCKS BY THE USUAL STEAMER, WHILE I TAKE THE REAL GOLD BY CANOE!!



IN THAT WAY THE HOLDUP MEN WILL BE FOOLED COMPLETELY!!

IT SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD TRICK, SERGEANT.



EXACTLY, BURTON—TOO OLD TO SUIT ME—AND THAT'S WHERE YOU FIT IN—YOU'RE GOING TO BE VERY BUSY FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, CONSTABLE!!

JUST LEAD ME TO IT, SIR!



LATER—AT THE YUKON MINING COMPANY.

MANAGER LAKE!!

YES?—OH, HELLO THERE, SERGEANT—COME, FIGHT IN!



MEET JEFF DIXON, MY FOLLOMAN—BY THE WAY, SERGEANT, THIS PLAN OF OURS WAS SUGGESTED BY HIM!!

A GREAT IDEA, DIXON—I'M AT YOUR SERVICE!



FINE—THE REAL GOLD SHIPMENT WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS—I'M GOING TO PACK IT MYSELF—BEHIND SHUT DOORS!!





THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, EH? NOW, WE'LL SEE WHO IS BEHIND THAT MASK OF YOURS!



BEFORE REYNOLDS CAN MAKE A MOVE, THE MASKED MAN GRABS A ROCK AND--



OOF--!!



I'VE GOT ENOUGH TIME TO REACH THE CANOE AND GET AWAY WITH THE GOLD!!



WAGT--THERE IT IS--



WHAT'S THIS??--BOTH BOXES ARE OPEN--GREAT SCOTT!! THEY'RE EMPTY--TH--THE GOLD'S GONE!!



NO--NOT GONE--IT WASN'T PACKED IN THE FIRST PLACE!! I DECIDED TO LOOK INTO THE BOXES WHEN I LANDED AND I FOUND THEM EMPTY--NOW--TAKE THAT MASK OFF!!

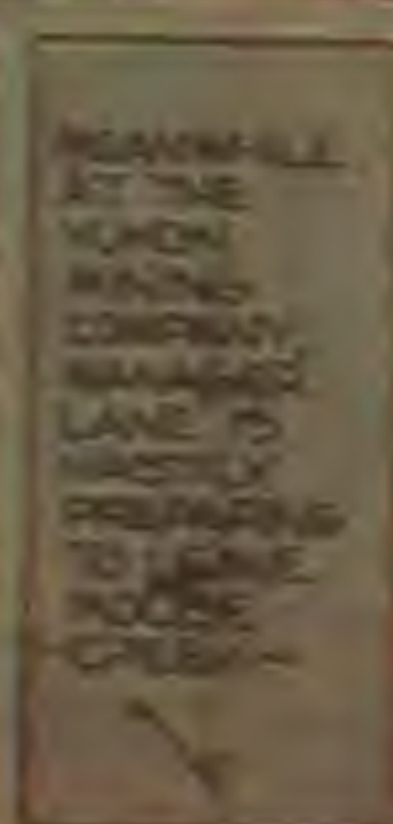
YOU--!!



--JEFF DIXON!! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D FOLLOW ME AND GET THE GOLD, EH DIXON!! BUT YOU WERE DOUBLED-CROSSED!! COME ON--YOU'RE GOING BACK WITH ME--I'VE GOT TO PICK UP ANOTHER RAT!!



LOOK! THAT ROCK YOU THREW AT ME, DON'T DO ANY DAMAGE--IT JUST STUNNED ME FOR A WHILE!!



MEANWHILE AT THE VIKON WINDING COMPANY, WINDING LANE IS HASTILY PREPARING TO LEAVE HIS CREW--



AT LAST!! THE STEAMERS JUST LEFT FOR HUGGET CITY WITH THE FINE SHIPMENT!! REYNOLDS IS MAILED AWAY--THAT LEAVES THE COAST CLEAR FOR A RETREAT!!





SIR, HE SAYS HE'S
SORRY HE TOOK YOU
FOR THE WRONG
MAN--



AL--HERE IS
COMES ROSEY



HELLO,
ROSEY--

LOOK,
AL--
THERE
SHE IS--



WHY DIDN'T
YA SAY
HELLO,
AL?

AN-YA CAN
EASY SPOT
MISALS

THE BUNGLE FAMILY

A LIVELY DAY

By H. J. TITMILL



THIS WAY, FOLKS--
THE BIG SHOW--
SEE THE GREATEST
ACTS IN
THE WORLD!



A DIME--TEN CENTS--
THANK YOU, SIR--STEP
RIGHT IN!



WHAT IS
ONLY A
TRAINED
FLEA
CIRCUS!
WHY I--

OTTO--ARE--
LOUISE--GET
A MOVE ON!



DIANA--BUS--WHY
DON'T YOU GO INTO
YOUR BIG DANCE!
SHAME ON
YOU!



THEY WERE
BRIGHT LITTLE
THINGS THE
WAY THEY
WOULD



OH--OH!



SAID, CHIEF--THE MAN
SAYS THAT ONE OF
OUR ACTORS
LEFT
WITH
HIM--
CAN
YOU
IDENTIFY
HIM?



14--15--
16--AND
17--

YOU SAID
BEFORE YOU
ONLY HAD 16--



ARE YOU
HINTING
THAT I
BROUGHT
NO. 17?

WELL, HOW
DID HE
GET HERE?



ALL WE SAY, HISTER
IS THAT HE HAD 16
AND NOW WE GOT 17--
SOMEBODY RAN IN A
EXTRA ONE ON US--



YEAH--THE
GUY STARTED
IT OFFER--
WE'VE A WISE
GUY--

CMON--
BUBBLAK
IT UP
BEFORE
GUY--



WARNING THOSE
BLANK TRYING TO
PIN THAT ON ME--



W-WHAT IS
IT
STARTING
AGAIN?

A DIME'S WORTH
OF INSECT
POWDER?
YES, SIR--



DON'T
CLOSE THE
BLINDS--JUST
SHOOT
IT TO
THE
FART



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

AN EVENING IN CHEMISTRY

W. A. T. T. T. T.



THE SIDE SHOW *by Bob Barber*

BECAUSE HUNTERS
 HIT EVERYTHING
 BUT THE DEER, HERE'S
 OUR SAFETY SUIT!



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION HOW TO SET TWO OF AN OLIVE PIT AS A PARTY

TOSS PIT OVER SHOULDER AND
 RUNNEL IT—IT KITS SWITCH OF
 STARTING BURNER OF HEATING
 LIQUID BURNER IT—AS PIT GOES
 DOWN THRU SOFT BURNER IT'S
 SETS COATING—IT THEN GOES
 THROUGH WHIPPED CREAM AND
 SCOTCHIE THINKING IT'S A GOLF
 BALL, KNOCKS IT INTO HAT OF
 VISITING GUEST



FOUR QUESTIONS HERE, BY



CLASSIC CARTOONS



1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000

OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED



"DON'T TAKE
DRINKIN'
WATER OUTTA
TH' WELL, MA
UNCLE JED
JUS' FELL IN!"



DELIVERED
TRUE
DOCTOR

"OH DEAR...
SOME
POOR
PERSON
COULDN'T
KEEP IT
AND LEFT
IT ON
MY
DOORSTEP!"



"WHEN
NOW
I'LL SEE
IF AN
APPLE
A DAY
REALLY
KEEPS YOU
DOCTORS
AWAY!"

ONLY GOT 90 IN ENGLISH, MOM
TYPING HELPED, DIDN'T IT?



Thousands of students have turned
how much Latin they help. Great
classroom thinking, smart work, longer
work, more time for other things.
Well, maybe the best classroom
teacher is the one who says, "I'm sorry,
but I can't" at the end of the year.

1 DO A WEEK
TO ONLY A... **SPEEDLINE
CORONA**

U.S. Sales & Service, Inc. 1111 11th St. N.W.
Dept. E. 400 Kansas City, Missouri 64101
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

COMET

MODEL AIRPLANE

1/2" - 1/4" - 1/8" - 1/16"

COMET MODEL AIRPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
1111 11th St. N.W. Dept. E. 400 Kansas City, Missouri 64101

"THERE!
—THAT'S
THE
WAY
IT
SHOULD
BE!"

NOTICE

SPIN SHAW

TO THE
Naval Air Corps



WINING FOR FULL SPEED AHEAD.
ATKINS SENDS HIS SHIP SKIMP-
ING THROUGH THE WATER TO
WHERE THE AQUATIC FLEET LIES.



AFTER HOURS LATER THE SHIP
HASTY READING HER FLOWING
IN ORDER TO ENTER THE SHIP
WATER.



A HUNDRED MILES SOUTH THE
OIL TANKER GULF TOWN SLOWLY
STEAMS THROUGH A DENSE FOG.



WHILE CROSSING ITS PATH IS
THE YACHT "AQUA."



SOME PLEASURE
CRUISE WITH A
FOG LIKE THIS?



A
PROVERBIAL
PEA SOUP'S



A YACHT IN OUR
COURSE SIR! WE'RE
GOING TO COLLIDE!



WITH A TERRIBLE CRASH THE YACHT
SHIP PLUNGES INTO THE WATER.



FIRE'S BROKEN
OUT IN THE BOW
TANK, SIR!



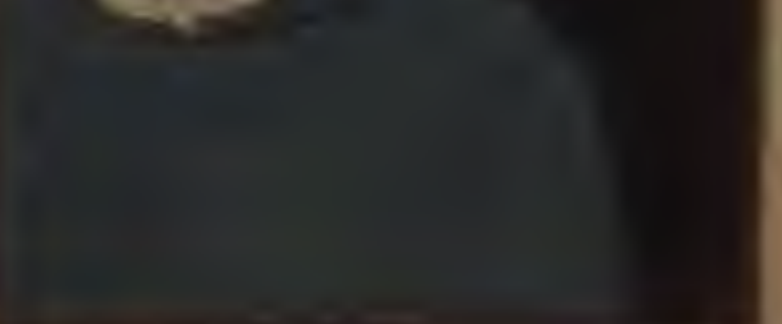
BETTER GET YOUR PASSENGERS
ABOARD THIS SHIP BEFORE
THIS SMOKE SUFFOCATES
YOU!



MEANWHILE BACK ABOARD THE
DESTROYER "MARTIN"
SOS COMING THROUGH!
THE TANKER GULF TOWN
ON FIRE AFTER DAM-
AGING A YACHT!
THEY'RE BEGINNING
TO SINK!



CHANGE COURSE
TO SOUTH BY
SOUTHWEST!
FULL SPEED
AHEAD! MY
DAUGHTER IS
ON THAT
SHIP!



QUICKLY PUTTING ABOUT, THE SLEEK "GREYHOUND OF THE SEA" GOES TO THE AID OF THE TWO STRICKEN VESSELS.



WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE IN TIME!

MAYBE I COULD FLY AHEAD AND SEE IF I COULD HELP, SIR.



YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! GETTING YOUR MACHINE OFF WOULD WASTE VALUABLE MINUTES! ANYWAY, HOW COULD ONE PUNY PLANE SAVE THIRTY PEOPLE?



BUT, SIR,

WELL? WIRELESS FROM THE "GULF TOWN," SIR - THE BOATS ARE SINKING FAST!



FORCING THE ENGINES TO THE UTMOST, THE DESTROYER FINALLY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.



THAT SMOKE PREVENTS US FROM GETTING IN CLOSE ENOUGH TO TAKE THE PASSENGERS OFF! THEIR LIFEBOATS ARE GONE AND THE WATERS INFESTED WITH SHARKS! WE'RE HELPLESS!



LISTEN, SIR, PERHAPS I CAN BLOW ENOUGH OF THE SMOKE AWAY WITH MY PLANE'S PROPELLER SO THAT YOU CAN SEE TO GO IN CLOSER.



GO AHEAD! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

ALL SET? START THE ENGINE!



A SIGNAL - A ROAR - AND SPIN'S PLANE IS SHOT INTO THE AIR.



I'LL HAVE TO DIVE THROUGH THE SMOKE TO LAND!



WHEW! MADE IT!



MY PLAN WAS TO WORK! I HOPE THIS SAIL AND/OR WILL HOLD THE PLANE DOWN!



THROWING OUT A BIG CONE-SHAPED PIECE OF CANVAS AS AN ANCHOR SPIN GIVES HIS PLANE THE GUN.



IT'S WORKING! THE PROP WASH IS TURNING THE SMOKE THE OTHER WAY!



AS THE SMOKE BILLOWS IN THE OTHER DIRECTION IT LEAVES A CLEAR PATH TO THE GULFTOWN



PLUCKY RASCAL! HE'S DONE IT! GET THOSE ENGINES GOING! PULL ALONGSIDE THE FREIGHTER! SNAP INTO IT NOW!



SOON ALL OF THE FREIGHTER'S PASSENGERS ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE NAVY BOAT.



ANN! ANN! MY DARLING! OH FATHER! I KNEW YOU'D COME IN TIME! AND THAT AVIATOR HE WAS SO BRAVE!



WELL THAT'S THAT! EVERYONE'S SAFE AND OLD POISON WILL HAVE TO EAT HIS WORDS ABOUT THE AIR FORCE!



AS SPIN TAKES OFF THE TANKER BURSTS INTO SMITHEREENS



ITS MINE COMPLETELY BLOWN OFF THE PLANE REELS AND CRASHES INTO THE MOUNTAIN



SPIN'S PLANE FALLS TO THE DECK OF THE DESTROYER.



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S BADLY HURT. EASY NOW!

LATER SPIN WAKES UP TO SEE ANN ALKINS SMILING BY HIS BEDSIDE.



AM I DEAD?

NO JUST BANGED UP A BIT. WHY DO YOU ASK?

I THOUGHT I JUST WOKE UP IN HEAVEN SEEING AN ANGEL LIKE YOU!



WELL WELL THE MAN'S DELIRIOUS!



NED BRANT

By BOB CLIPPING

LET'S
TRY THIS
NEW SAT
SHOW

AFTER YOU
DAN

I'VE
NEVER HAD
CHICKEN WITH
STATION

WANT ME TO
TELL YOU MORE?

WANT
DAN I LOVE
YOU?

YOU CAN LOVE YOUR GIRL—
LET THAT BE A LESSON
TO YOU, BRANT!

WELL, SHE'S
THE CHICK DRESS
WITH THE GIRL—
DON'T FORGET
THAT!

BLUESOCKS!
WANT ARE YOU
GOING HERE?

SAYING
IT WAS
THROUGH
COLLAGE

HOW'S
THE NEW
TODAY?

DON'T GET
THROUGH
LADY

WELL, HAD
WE THAT
MARK?

WELL, HAD
IT WOULD YOUR
THUMB AFTER YOU
TAKE IT OUT OF
THAT HOT
SOUP

THE HORN WOULD
TO HORN HIS
GUESTS TRUCK
HE'S BACK!

WANT? NOT
A CENT FROM
MY STALL AT
GIRL WILL
YOU?

ON THE GYM BY
BLUESOCKS, OLD
FELL?

ONLY
WELL A HAND
YOUR
BATH

WELL, HAD
IT WOULD YOUR
THUMB AFTER YOU
TAKE IT OUT OF
THAT HOT
SOUP

WELL, HAD
IT WOULD YOUR
THUMB AFTER YOU
TAKE IT OUT OF
THAT HOT
SOUP

WELL, HAD
IT WOULD YOUR
THUMB AFTER YOU
TAKE IT OUT OF
THAT HOT
SOUP

I WANT YOUR PRISON—
THAT'S MY GIFT!

NO SHOCKS
TALKING—SAY
OLD MAN, THE
CHICK WAS TOO
GO LOVELY—
THANKS
FALL—

NED BRANT

A TOM DUPRE

WHAAT! BE SURE OUR NO. 1 IS THE RAPID EDD

GUON! THE DUCK, MED! HELL HAVE IN LOOK

THAT'S IT (TO)

THE GREAT BRILLIANT NOTED BASTY NOVA BRADDA ON THE FUTURE TASTE-IT EDD!

TO SUBJECT ALL EDD!

HE'S DRESSED UP LIKE A CAPITAL SAKER

JABBER JAB THAT UP

AN EDDING WORTHY EDD EDDING TRULY TRULY LAR FLY LONG WITH HIS TEST TUBES

AND HE EDD GOT THE ADDY SOMETHING FOR NOTHING?

THEE-THANGLY HURRY EDD UP EDDITY EDDING EDD

JABBER IN THERE, HELL EDD!

ILL LAY THE TAPEL SO HELL SEE EDDALL'S AC

WELL NO, JANE-THEN TELL ME YOU CAN COUNT UP TO 100 NOW- MAY TELL TO IT!

I HAVE JUST THOUGHT NOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE IF YOU AND I WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA AND I CAME BACK ALONG!

NO STRANGERS ACCORDING JANE SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND YOU CAN READ

ANY MORE IN THE EDDY!

HEY-THANGLY YOU GOING?

I READ FROM A GUY GOING AND WATCHING GOING OVER TO TELL HIM WHAT TIME IT IS!

HE'LL EDD HIM, BUT INTO THE WACHT OFFICE HE'LL GO, AND HE'LL EDD EDDING ONE HIS THE WORK!

CAPTAIN FORTUNE

IN THE DAYS OF
THE SPANISH MAIN

by
VERNON HENDEL



AT THE SMALL COASTAL
TOWN OF SAN LURAY...

FORTUNE, I WONDER WHY THE
GOVERNOR SENT FOR US.



"YOU SENT
FOR US,
GOVERNOR
CHADWICK?"

YES, CAPTAIN
FORTUNE—
I HAVE
A MISSION
FOR YOU!



THE SHIP "DRAGON" LEFT HERE
A FORTNIGHT AGO WITH A
CARGO OF GOLD BULLION.
SHE HASN'T BEEN SEEN
SINCE THEN...



WE KNOW THE DRAGON
REACHED THE "BARREN
ISLANDS" THEN SHE
VANISHED
WITHOUT
A TRACE!



THE BARREN ISLANDS... AND
MY MISSION IS TO LEARN
YES... AND A
DANGEROUS
TASK IT IS!



...AND THAT NIGHT, AS
CAPTAIN FORTUNE'S REVENGE
FITS TO SEA...

HERE IS YOUR COURSE,
HELMSMAN... AND KEEP A
SHARP EYE ABOUT YOU!



BARREN ISLANDS SHOULD
BE IN SIGHT—HAVE YE
SEEN THE
BEACON
LIGHT
YET?



NOT YET,
SIR.

THEN
SUDDENLY A
CRY COMES
DOWN FROM
THE
CREW'S NET.

HARD
PORT—
BREAKERS
AHEAD!!



WELL, WE DID
MANAGE TO
CLEAR THOSE
ROCKS, FORTUNE.



AYE, BUT
WHAT OF
THE LIGHT?
WHY IS
IT
DARKENED!



NEXT MORNING...
FORTUNE!!
THIS LIGHT-KEEPER WAS
MURDERED!



...AND WITH NO LIGHT, SHIPS
CRASHED ON THE ROCKS...
THAT'S THE FATE OF THE
DRAGON, I'M THINKING!
KENTSHIRE, ORDER HALF
THE CREW ASHORE-ARMED
FOR BATTLE!!



AS KENTSHIRE LEANS
OVER HIM ALONE
THE REFUGED
JUNGLE TAIL
KEEN EYES WITH
EAGLE...



MASTER, MANY
WHITE MEN
COME!



WHITE MEN COMING? WE'LL
HAVE TO GIVE THEM
A ROYAL
RECEPTION!



MEANWHILE... FORTUNE
SCOUTING ALONE, ARRIVES
AT THE
NATIVE
VILLAGE.



SHOUTS OF SURPRISE TELL
HIM HIS MEN HAVE FALLEN
INTO A
TRAP



KENTSHIRE'S BAND IS
HERDED INTO A STOCKADE
WHERE THEY DISCOVER
THE CREW OF THE
DRAGON!



CAPTAIN FORTUNE STEALS
QUETLY TO A GUARD...



STOP! WHO
BE YE?



SHALL I
HAVE A PLAN
TO TAKE THESE
ROGUES KENTSHIRE
FORTUNE!!



FORTUNE BEGINS TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN AS A WILD DANCE TAKES PLACE...



KENTSHIRE: THERE'S THE MAN... I MUST FOLLOW HIM... RELEASE THE MEN FROM THE STOCKADE AND BE READY TO FIGHT!

AYE!



HMM... HE'S DISAPPEARED IN THIS FOLIAGE... BUT HE'LL NOT SHAKE ME OFF!



WHAT'S THIS?—A QUEER OPENING AT THE BASE OF THIS DOL...



FORTUNE ENTERS THE DOL AND FINDS A LADDER LEADING UP A NARROW SHAFTWAY...



AND THERE STEALING THE DOL'S MOUTH IS THE MAN HE FOLLOWED.



SPEAK, MIGHTY KILL. SPEAK THE FATE OF THE WHITE CAPTIVES!



YOU'LL NEVER ANSWER ROGUE!

UGH!



IF THE DOL NEEDS A VOICE, I WILL SUPPLY IT.



AND THEN COMES FORTH THE VOICE OF CAPTAIN FORTUNE...



CHILDREN OF KILL... HEAR MY WORDS... RELEASE THE WHITE PRISONERS!



THE WHITE MEN HAVE ESCAPED... THE GUARD IS DEAD!



Lala Puloza



VINCENT'S DIARY-I DIDN'T
KNOW THAT HE WAS KEEPING
ONE



THIS IS PROBLESS! I'M JUST
GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE
PEEK INTO



2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 2334 2335 2336 2337 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 2344 2345 2346 2347 2348 2349 2350 2351 2352 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 2360 2361 2362 2363 2364 2365 2366 2367 2368 2369 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 2377 2378 2379 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 2411 2412 2413 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 2422 2423 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 2436 2437 2438 2439 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459 2460 2461 2462 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 2487 2488 2489 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 2500 2501 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 2511 2512 2513 2514 2515 2516 2517 2518 2519 2520 2521 2522 2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556 2557 2558 2559 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 2577 2578 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 2585 2586 2587 2588 2589 2590 2591 2592 2593 2594 2595 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 2612 2613 2614 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 2622 2623 2624 2625 2626 2627 2628 2629 2630 2631 2632 2633 2634 2635 2636 2637 2638 2639 2640 2641 2642 2643 2644 2645 2646 2647 2648 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 2656 2657 2658 2659 2660 2661 2662 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 2668 2669 2670 2671 2672 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 2679 2680 2681 2682 2683 2684 2685 2686 2687 2688 2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714 2715 2716 2717 2718 2719 2720 2721 2722 2723 2724 2725 2726 2727 2728 2729 2730 2731 2732 2733 2734 2735 2736 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 2742 2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759 2760 2761 2762 2763 2764 2765 2766 2767 2768 2769 2770 2771 2772 2773 2774 2775 2776 2777 2778 2779 2780 2781 2782 2783 2784 2785 2786 2787 2788 2789 2790 2791 2792 2793 2794 2795 2796 2797 2798 2799 2800 2801 2802 2803 2804 2805 2806 2807 2808 2809 2810 2811 2812 2813 2814 2815 2816 2817 2818



PER THE TUTH TIME -
I CAN'T SLEEP IN
THEM PRISONS.



BASEBALL
TODAY



BRING BACK THAT
BANANA-YOU-*AY*



DATE LOANED
CHAP.



And speaking of
your the way that
has been gaining
weight lately
especially around
the middle - the
focal food out on
the night

find myself in the
highly important class



DID YOU SEE MY
DARY, LALA DEAR?



Oh, well. It
was getting
to be a bother
anyway.



How
Sure
Hot



Follow Lyle Talbot and Vincent each month in FEATURE COMICS.

THE DOLLMAN

BY William Erwin Maxwell

DARREL DANE, A YOUNG SCIENTIST CAN REDUCE HIS BODY TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL AT WILL. IN HIS DISGUISE AS THE DOLLMAN, HE FIGHTS CRIME AND EVIL—AND VERY MUCH A TERROR TO THE UNDERWORLD.



SUDDENLY A POWERFUL CAR CAME FROM A SIDE ROAD AND FORCED IT TO A HALT.



JUST THEN ANOTHER AUTO STOPPED AND A SLIM POWERFUL YOUNG MAN LEAPED OUT TOWARD THE TRUCKMEN.



NOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOU THUGS!



SENT UP THIS GUY'S A KILLER!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?



DROP YOUR DYNAMITE CHUM!



THE KIDNAPERS GONE THE TRUCKMEN TO THE



NEVER SEEN EM BEFORE THANKS FOR YOUR HELP IN MY BOSS PROBLEM APPRECIATE IT!

THE TRUCKMEN LEAD TO THE DEFENSE OF THEIR TRUCK.



PUT EM OUT OF THE WAY QUICK! THEN UNLOAD THE TRUCK!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN THE OFFICE OF H. DUSTIN CRAWFORD



YES? A MR. DARREL DANE TO SEE YOU, SIR.

SO YOU'RE THE FELLOW WHO
SAVED MY TRUCK--I'M
GRATEFUL TO YOU! IS
THERE ANYTHING I
CAN DO FOR YOU?



I'VE LEARNED THAT FOR THE
PAST FEW WEEKS YOUR
TRUCKS HAVE BEEN WAY-
LAD ALMOST REPEATEDLY!
NOW IF YOU'D
LET ME
BELIEVE
I CAN SOLVE
THIS CASE!



I'VE GOT AN EXCELLENT MAN
WORKING ON THE CASE
RIGHT NOW! I
DON'T THINK I
NEED ANOTHER
SORRY, MR.
DANE?



BOSS, I'VE GOT A HOT
LEAD! I CAN NAB THOSE
HUCKERS
IN TWO
HOURS!



MR. DANE MEET MR. MOOD. I'M GLAD TO
MEET YOU
MR. MOOD.
MY
LOUD BUT
EFFICIENT
SLEUTH!
PUT
THERE
PAL!



NOW LET'S GET DOWN
TO CASES! LOOK AT
THIS MAP OF
THE NEW
ENGLAND
COAST!



HERE'S WHERE THE CRIMES
ALL OCCURRED--YOU'LL
NOTICE THAT THE HIGH-
WAY RUNS RIGHT ALONG
THE SHORE! SEEMS ODD
IT SHOULD ALL
HAPPEN HERE!



THE LOOT MIGHT BE
TAKEN OUT TO SEA
WHAT WERE THE
TRUCKS CARRY-
ING? SUPER-
POWERED AIR
PLANE
MOTORS
FOR
BOMBERS!



THAT NIGHT A TRUCK COSE
ON ITS REGULAR RUN



HIGH ABOVE SAILOR'S COVE
A LONE FIGURE KEEPS
WATCHING THE ROAD AND SEA



HERE
COMES THE
TRUCK! IT'S
BEEN STOPPED--



WHAT'S THAT? SOMETHING
DARK MOVING IN FROM
THE OCEAN? WHY
IT'S A FOREIGN
SUBMARINE!
HOLY
SHOKES!!







BIG TOP

HEY POP - LOOK - THERE'S A MAN THROWING KNIVES AT A LADY!



HE'S A MEXICAN KNIFE-THROWER - HE CAN STICK THOSE KNIVES IN THE BOARD ALL AROUND THAT GIRL...

HE THROWS AXES TOO, POP!



HOW DOES A FELLA BECOME A KNIFE-THROWER, POP?

WITH CONSTANT PRACTICE, JUNIOR!



GOLLY! DO Y' THINK I COULD BE A KNIFE-THROWER, POP?

OF COURSE YOU COULD, JUNIOR - BUT YOU'D HAVE TO PRACTICE A LOT!



WHERE'S Y' SON, SON?

I'M GONNA STAY OUT 'TILL SUPPER IS READY, POP!



HULLO, GLORIA - WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR EYE?

I FELL AN' CUT IT SO I HAVE TO WEAR THIS BANDAGE ON IT!



JUNIOR - MY FIRE WENT OUT - IF YOU CHOP SOME WOOD FOR ME I'LL GIVE YOU A QUARTER!

THANKS, MRS. HORSAN!



STAND WAY OVER BY THE FENCE, GLORIA - IN CASE THE WOOD FIRES WHEN I CHOP IT!



GOOD GOSH - JUNIOR IS GOING TO TRY THAT KNIFE-THROWING ACT WITH LITTLE GLORIA!



OH WHY DO I TELL HIM THAT STUNTING'S EASY - HE'LL KILL THAT LITTLE GIRL!



STOP, JUNIOR - DON'T THROW THAT AXE!



THEY'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO BELIEVE EVERYTHING PAPA TELLS YOU!

BIG TOP

ALONGO—DID YOU
OPEN YOUR PAY
ENVELOPE?

WELL, ER...
YES, DEAR...
—ER... YOU
ARE...

SO! TRYING TO HOLD TWO DOLLARS
OUT OF YOUR PAY SO YOU
CAN PLAY POKER WITH
THOSE
LOAFERS!

OH-OH! POOR ALONGO
THE ANIMAL TRAINER IS
GETTING IT AGAIN!

I SEE WHY—IT'S GLAD TM
FREE—NO WEDDING
BILLS FOR ME

POOR OLD ALONGO—
THAT GUY CAUSES
MORE ABUSE THAN
A FOOTBALL!

YOU KNOW HOW HARD I
WORK TRAINING THOSE LIONS
AND THAT WIFE OF MINE
HAS BEEN ASKING ME FOR A
LITTLE
FUN!

WHY MAKE WORRIES ABOUT
MONEY?—HERE, I'LL STAVE
YOU TO A STACK OF
DAPS!

NOT PLAYING
POKER—AFTER
WHAT I TOLD
YOU—YOU
WORM!

BUT—ER—
—A—
—DARLING—

OH! THAT WOMAN—
IF ONLY THERE
WAS
SOMEPLACE
I COULD GO
WHERE SHE
COULDN'T
GET TO ME!

GOLLY—
SHE SURE
DOES FOLLOW
YOU AROUND—
BUT, SAY...

...IT'S A CONCH.
FOR YOU TO GET
AWAY FROM HER.
LISTEN—
NO, ER...
—ER...

BUTCH,
YOU'RE
A BEAVER!

OH BOY! WHY
DON'T I THINK OF
THE LIONS
—AND I!

NO, DEAR—I WON'T COME
OUT—AND I DON'T THINK
YOU WILL
COME IN
AFTER
ME!

RANCE KEANE

THE KNIGHT
IN
THE WEST

WILL ARTHUR

THERE IT IS, RANCE...
HIGHEST DAMN
SUSPENSION BRIDGE
IN THE HOLL WEST!

WHAT I WANT TO SEE IS A CLOSE-
UP OF THE FOUNDATIONS AND
FIND OUT HOW IT'S ANCHORED
ONTO THOSE ROCKS!

A FELLOW BY THE
NAME OF CAMERON
BUILT IT. MESSRS
HE'LL SHOW US
AROUND IF HE'S
THERE WITH
THE CREW.

BUT WHAT
RANCE AND
PES WERE LEE
FOUND AT
THE BASE OF
THE BRIDGE
LOOKING
WAS OF
EAR MORE
IMMEDIATE
CONCERN
THAN THE
CONSTRUCT-
ION.

JUMPIN' RATTLES-
NAKES! THAT'S
SOME PLACE
T' STORE
BLASTIN'
POWDER!

I'M NOT
SO SURE
IT'S STORED,
PES WERE!

A TIME BOMB-AND
ENOUGH BLACK POWDER
T' BLOW THIS BRIDGE
TO KINGDOM COME!

BEHINDIN' BUCKBOARDS!
DON'T PLAY WITH
IT! YANK
OUT THAT
FUSE!

I HAVE A BETTER
IDEA. IT'S BET FOR
5:00 P.M. WE'LL
LEAVE IT AS IS.
BUT BEHOLD
TO HURRY!

FIGURING THAT
WHOEVER SET
THE BOMB
WENT RETURN
TO CHECK IT
BEFORE SIX.
RANCE DECIDES
TO TRY TO
CAPTURE HIM.
RED-HANDED,
AND TAKE
NO CHANCE OF
A SLEEP-UP.

HE WERE BRAGGABLY FOUR
HOURS TO PICK UP
WHATEVER CLUE
HE CAN AROUND
TOWN.

WHERE'S THE BEST
PLACE T' BUY
BLASTING POWDER,
STRANGER?

THEY AIN'T BUT ONE
PLACE, AN' THAT'S
WIDYSLON IN
NEXT CORNER.

NOPE, WE AIN'T SOLD NO BLASTIN' PONDER IN WEEKS EXCEPT T' CLYDE CAMERON AN' HIS ROAD CREW. THEY USE IT RIGHT ALONG UP ON OLD BALDY.

THEY'VE GOT JUST ABOUT PHONED UP THERE - AN' HAN' THESE'LL GONNA BE A SIGHT WHEN THEY COME UP T' TOURISTS. I'LL BE A GOOD THING FOR OLD CAMERON TOO - TAKE HIS MIND ON TO SOMETHIN' NEW.

THEN THE BRIDGE SHUT IN USE AT ALL YET?

NOPE - CERTIN' FOR CAMERON HIMSELF HE HEADS UP THERE EVERY EVENIN' AT CUTTIN' WHISTLE AN' JEST SETS AN' GAISS DOWN IN THAT GORGE. HE'S ONLY GOT DOWN THERE DURN' CONSTRUCTION.

HE'D BE A PURTY LONGSHANE MAN IF YOUNG YANCY CHEATHAM HADN'T TAKEN REG' A RANCH TO HIM - BEEN LIKE A SON - SETS UP THERE WITH HIM MOST EVERY EVENIN'.

UNDERSTAND CAMERON HAS CHANGED HIS MIND - LEAVIN' EVERYTHIN' T' THE KID - WELL, THAT OUGHTA MAKE OLD SETH HAPPY - ONLY ONE THIN' THAT ORNERY COYOTE LOVES MOREN' MONEY, AN' THAT'S YOUNG YANCY.

ARE WE HEADIN' BACK TO THE BRIDGE?

NO - TO THE CHEATHAM RANCH - AND DOUBLE DUCK - THAT THE BOWTIE'S STILL TROUBLES.

WE'LL HAVE TO BACK OFF PARTNER, THANKS.

WHY BOTHER WITH SETH CHEATHAM? BLAZE'S MA DON'T THINK HE'D RISK WIDIN' UP HIS OWN KID! ALL AS PER YANCY.

NOT LIKELY! BUT THAT PONDER MUST HAVE COME FROM THE ROAD. CASH AND HERE'S OUR ONLY LINK.

GOOD - THE DOOR'S UNLATCHED - HE MAY BE ABLE TO PICK UP SOME CLUE HERE.

AT THE CHEATHAM RANCH HOLD THERE'S NO ANSWER TO THEIR WHOD.





YANCY!



STAY BACK!
STAY BACK, YOU
FOOL! IT'S LIFE
OR DEATH...I'LL
BE TOO LATE!



YOU'RE TOO LATE
NOW, CHEATHAM!
YOU BETTER
JUST DRAW!

SWINGING
WEST THE
TERRIFIED
HANDMAID
LATS NO
HOPE!



...AND DROPS IT WITH
INCREDIBLE ACCURACY
OVER THE DYNAMITE
STICKS AND BURNING
FUSE - JUST IN TIME!



BOOM!

AS HE JERKS
THE ROPE
TEARING
LOOSE THE
FUSE FROM
THE HUGE KISS
OF BLACK POWDER
THERE IS A
DEAFENING BOM
AS THE STICKS
EXPLODE HARM
LESSLY IN
AROUND
...MEANWHILE...



BUT
YOU AIN'T
YANCY!

NO!
YER DEERN
TOOTIN'
I AIN'T!



THERE'S YOUR MAN,
CAMERON! GUESS
HE JUST COULDN'T
WAIT ON THAT HILL
OF YOURS!

SETH
CHEATHAM!



PEE HEE, HOW DO YOU
FEEL WALKING OUT OVER
THOSE POWDER KISSES?

MY JAW'S
WUZ CRATTERIN'
SO HARD I COME
HEAD RUNNIN'
MY NEW SET
OF STONE
TEETH!

JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

NOW HERE
IS THE MAN
WHO DID THE
MOST T'MAKE
BOKIN' A
BIG
BUSINESS--
IT'S THE
LATE TEX
RICKARD



AN
HERE'S
THE
LEADIN'
PROMOTER
OF THE
PRESENT
DAY--
UNCLE
MIKE
JACOBS--



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

JOE
IS
WALKING
ALONG
THINKING
OF HIS
TINY
FRIEND
MAX--



WELL! SO THIS
IS WHERE YOU
ARE, MAX--



YEP-- HE'S
HANGIN'
AROUND
WAITIN' FOR
YOU!



MAX-- WHY
DON'T YOU
GO TO
SCHOOL?



HE DOESN'T
LIKE TO GO
TO SCHOOL--
JOE--



BUT I WISH
YOU'D WOULD
GO, MAX--



I THINK
HE'LL DO
ANYTHING
YOU ASK
HIM TO DO--



AW-- DON'T
CRY-- YOU'D
DON'T HAFTA
GO IF IT
MAKES
YOU
UNHAPPY!



OH DEAR--
HE IS SO
GOOD TO
ME-- OH
DEAR--



SEE YOU
LATER
MAX--



I'M SORRY, MAX--
ALICE WENT TO
SCHOOL WITH
JOHNNY SMITH--
WE CARRIED
HER BOOKS--



WHAT T'Y?
MAX?



HEY-- DON'T
GO SO FAST--
YOU'LL
GIT ALL
PUFFED
OUT!



--AN' HED LIKE T'START
IN KINDERGARDEN-- HE'S
FIVE YEARS OLD--



OKAY, MAX-- AN' YOU'LL
MEET ME AFTER
SCHOOL IS
OUT?



IT HINT
IT NICE
HOW
MAXTH
STARTED
T'SCHOOL
NITHTER
PALOOKA?



WHY-- I NEVER
SEEN NOTHIN'
LIKE IT,
ALICE--





CHUCK HAD A
PHOTO OF ME AND
MY PAL, HOWARD
HUGHES—THE
GREAT AVIATOR.
HE'S VERY RICH
BUT YOU'D NEVER
KNOW IT BECAUSE
HE'S SO NICE
AND KIND WITH
EVERYBODY.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS MY SCHOOL TEACHER, MISS TUTTLE. SHE ALWAYS LOOKED LIKE SHE EAT FOOD THAT WAS BAD FOR 'ER.



AN HERE I AM WITH ROBERT TAYLOR AN' MAX BAER—TWO SWELL FELLAS.



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



SAY, KNOBBY--
I'M IN A TIGHT
SPOT--CAN YOU
HELP ME?

W-WELL--
I'M KINDA
SHORT ME-
SELF NOW,
YUSSEL BUT--



NO THANKS--IT AIN'T MONEY--
I GOTTA CASE IN COURT
TODAY AN' I MUST BE THERE--
NOW MY FIGHTER FINISHES
TRAININ' FOR HIS BOUT WHICH
IS ONLY TWO
DAYS AWAY--



--WOULD YA WATCH HIM AN'
TIME HIM CAREFULLY WHILE
HE JUST EXERCISES TODAY--
BUT DON'T LET 'IM
OVERDO IT!!



H'YA
KID--
ARE YA
ALL
SET
T'GO?

YOU BET! IT'S SWEET
I THINK THE BEST
MANAGER IN THE
WORLD IS KEEPIN'
TIME
FOR ME!



SOME
GIRL
WANTS
YA ON
THE WIRE,
KNOBBY--

OKAY--JUST KEEP ON
SHADOW BOXIN' KID--
I'LL COME BACK IN A
FEW SECONDS--I'LL
CALL HER BACK
FROM OUTSIDE!



HULLO MONEY--I
DIDN'T WANTA TALK
IN THE GYM--NOW
D'NR FEEL T'OMX
MUNT?

HE IS
SORT OF
TIRED
KNOBBY
WOBBY--
HOW IS
LITTLE
OO!



OH--I'M OKAY,
MONEY--AN'
MEASURIN'
T'POUND
OUT A NICE
LIVIN'--

ISN'T
THAT
THE
TRUTH?



B-BUT JUST BECAUSE
KNOBBY AIN'T BACK DON'T
MEAN Y'SHOULD EXERCISE
FOR TWO HOURS, KID--
STOP, I TELL YA!



OHMY KNOBBY--
COME QUICK!
WE'VE LOOKED
ALL OVER
FOR YA!

OKAY--OKAY
--S'LONG
MONEY--
I'LL SEE YA
LATER--



WHY DIDN'T YA STOP TH'
SAP FROM EXERCISIN' T'FAN'
WHY--QUICK--
CALL A
DOCTOR!



W-WHAT? MY FIGHTER
FELL DOWN FROM EXERCISE?
WHERE WAS WALSH ALL
THE TIME?



HULLO KNOBBY--I JUST
CAME OVER TO--
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

AW--I FELL
OFF A
ROOF!



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. N. STRUBBELL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. M. STUBBINS



More of Dixie Dugan in the April issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale February 28th.

SMOKE SCREEN

By A. L. ALLEN

The wind was just right. It would carry the spray far out and over the orchard, allowing it to drift just enough and then it would settle in little white dots all over the leaves of the orange trees. Not a bug, not a caterpillar could live once that poisoned spray touched them.

Waher rolled his little monoplane out of the old barn that he had converted into a hangar, and spun the propeller.

"Come on, baby, let's go kill bugs," Waher liked to talk and, since there was no one around to talk to, he talked to his plane, his horse, or himself. "Sure is great stuff. This shooting insect poison from an airplane," he added as he climbed into the cockpit.

He lifted the little ship up over the low, richly green trees and he had gained enough altitude to swoop smoothly down and keep a level line along the even rows. Then he pulled the lever that released the poison. It came lazily down, the wind blowing it in a thin white cloud until the weight of the water brought it settling on the orchard.

His job finished, Waher turned the ship around home. "Tweety," he said aloud. "Seems to me I've been hearing twittership every time I've gone up recently. Guess I'm just hearing things." He shrugged his shoulders and tried to dismiss it from his mind. But it hadn't been his imagination. After he set his own ship down his ears were well caught the drone of a motor far off, beyond the orchard toward the river.

He climbed out and looked, shielding his eyes from the sun. Nothing could be seen—nothing but the thin white clouds of insect spray still drifting slowly downward.

"Damn that spray. Can't see a

thing," he complained. But he wasn't satisfied. He climbed the ladder upon the roof of the barn and looked west again, over toward the Rio Grande. He distinctly heard the buzz of an airplane motor.

"Doggone!" he exclaimed. "What is a plane doing around here? So far as I know, I'm the only one that has a plane for miles around." He stood, eyes straining into the distance, trying to pierce the white spray-clouds.

"By George! That's not all spray. That's smoke! The same kind of smoke they use for sky-writing." He was bewildered.

"There's a very dark colored gentleman hiding somewhere in the woodpile. Whoever is flying that plane is using that smoke to hide something." He began to think back—to remember. "Well, it's a cinch I haven't been imagining things. And it's darn funny. Whoever it is only goes up when I go up. Only when I go up to spray. Then he goes up and spills out smoke just to make the screen good and thick. You see, he's hiding something. But what? There's nothing but the river and beyond that—Mexico." His words trailed off. He was thinking too intently to bother about talking aloud. Some of it just didn't make sense. But on the other hand, some of it did. If a fellow was doing something he shouldn't be doing that smoke screen would certainly do a good job of hiding. The engine reached down almost to the banks of the Rio Grande. The river was not very wide just here and it was only a little way across into Mexico.

It was a lovely strip of country. The ranches that stretched away on this side of the river were large and the houses big and smart. Waher's was the only orchard anywhere around. Every-

body had told him he was a fool when he turned the ranch into an orange orchard after his father died. Folks said oranges wouldn't grow here. But he'd proved them wrong. If the spray killed the bugs, and all the baby oranges matured he'd have a fine crop that would prove oranges would grow as well here as any place else.

His thoughts were back to the smoke screen and the airplane. Whatever that bird was hiding had to do with Mexico, for there was nothing on this side to be hidden.

Suddenly Waher's brain snapped up so fast. He scrambled down off the roof of the barn as fast as he could and rushed into the house. Back in a few moments with a pair of binoculars in his hand, he climbed up again.

"No soup," he complained. "can't see a darn thing." Another inspiration. He dashed for his horse. Without waiting to saddle it he flung aboard, and put all through the orchard. Once on the other side of the trees the smoke screen thinned out.

He could no longer hear the plane motor, but he could dimly hear voices. As he came to the edge of the white smoke, he looked down the low banks of the river. On the smooth, brushless shore stood a plane—a big one. Drawn up on the sand, partially out of the water was a good sized motor boat.

Back and forth, from plane to boat, three men worked busily. Out of the plane they lifted boxes. Boxes of two sizes. Some of them long and narrow, some almost square. All of them were heavy, for it took two men to handle the long ones and it was plain to see that even the small ones were all one man could carry.

"Guns!" Walter whispered to himself. "Guns and ammunition. How what the heck?" He looked over across the river. The desert was brushy and rough. There wasn't a sign of habitation for miles up and down the river. "A great spot to be running ammunition across," he admitted. "Yep. That's what it is. They're gun runners. Must be trouble brewing in Mexico. But what am I going to do about it? It's none of my business."

He scuffed his feet angrily in the sand. But he knew that it was his business. For a moment he cursed himself because he was trying to shirk what was plainly his duty. Walter was not a natural lawbreaker. He didn't like trouble. But this was something he just couldn't keep out of. Somebody was breaking the law and it was Walter's duty to do something about it. "Okay," he said aloud. "Let's go." And he turned his horse toward home.

His brain was working at top speed now. His plans were taking shape. Back at the house he spun the propeller of the plane and climbed in, heading back toward the river and the big house on its banks. There wasn't time to go into town for the sheriff. What had to be done must be done by himself.

He deliberately kept low for a time, fairly well hidden by the smoke that still hung thin but telling fare now. He circled, waiting. He knew it wouldn't be long until the other plane took off. He had to know where it had come from and where it was going. Soon he located it, the larger plane winding along the front of his own. The plane lifted and headed up the river and a little farther.

Walter gave his horse the gun. "A fair shot now, right on his tail. Keep after him, baby, we can't afford to lose him."

For a few moments he flew straight after the faster, larger ship. Then the big bird up ahead put on a burst of speed and started to climb. Maybe he had seen Walter. That would be bad. He wouldn't want him shot something very close. But Walter knew

he couldn't turn back now. He had to find the home port of that ship.

His brain was busy trying to figure things out. If the other ship had not seen him everything would be all right. He felt sure his horse could not be heard above the larger one.

Apparently the men had not seen him for he swung sharply to the left, circled a bit and landed. Nothing but trees could be seen with the naked eye, but with the binoculars Walter could make out a small clearing. He carefully tracked the spot in his memory and wheeled his ship around.

The sleepy little town of Rangeland sank with a start as Walter's plane zoomed overhead. Out on the edge of town, level and flat as a floor, he saw the plane down and dashed for the sheriff's office.

"Judas Priest!" the sheriff exclaimed when he heard Walter's tale. "We just got word from Washington that they're sending some G-men down here. They know that guns and ammunition are getting across the border somewhere near here and they told us to keep our eyes peeled until they get here. Till they get here! Huh! We'll have their men for dinner when they come. Come on, Walter, let's keep him that thing capture of ours and go get him."

As Walter circled his ship over

the hide-out, the sheriff looked over the side of the window. "Hush! I better let him know we mean business," he yelled at Walter as the figure of a man came out of the small shack. "I'll just take a little shot in his direction to show him," the sheriff added and pulled the trigger. The man on the ground reached for the sky.

"Pretty easy pickings, Walter," chuckled the sheriff as they climbed out.

"Guns you been getting pretty good pay from that outfit across the river for taking in these little play-actors for 'em, eh, huh?" said the sheriff to the curly gun-running aviator a few moments later.

The man just grinned.

"Well, maybe you like rougher than over in Mexico, but Uncle Sam—he don't like 'em none!" went on the sheriff. "Come on, fellow, let's go in the house and make ourselves comfortable 'til our boys come out in the car to pick us up. Says Walter," he turned, "guns you don't know by but there's a nice fat reward for this fellow's capture. Eicken you can maybe use it, huh?"

"You bet I can," Walter admitted. "May need some more bug eyes for my sunglasses."

Read Magic On The Sink
in the April issue **FEATURE
COMICS**—on sale Feb. 28.



OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,

"SAY-ARE YA SURE WE'RE
TAKIN' THIS MONEY TO
THAT DOWNTOWN
BANK?"



"AND LADY, IF YOU RENT
THIS PLACE YOU ALSO
HAVE RUNNING WATER."



"NURSE, WE
DON'T LIKE
THE ICEMAN,
SO WE GOT
THIS!"

"YEH-THIS IS
TOO MUCH
OF A
CUT-THROAT
TRADE
NOW!"



"MISS JONES, MUST
ALL THESE GUYS
CALL HERE TO
ESCORT YOU HOME?"

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

about
the World's
Fastest
Over Fencer
Fell



If you were lucky you were at Madison Square Garden in New York the night of Feb. 25, 1925 for the National A. A. U. indoor meet. You saw this great athlete in the last scene of his career.

Only a few moments before he had startled you by smashing his own world's record of 13 feet, 10 inches set in 1923.



You saw this Yale university superstar stand from the approach, take his vaulting pole into the air and bring around in a graceful arch toward the greatest height a vault ever created.

And now you gratefully collapse with astonishment at his little body with slender, even thin, but which is set at 14 feet and 3 inches.

John Cox of Yale, here, the first man in the world to reach 14 feet in height.

Charlie CHAN

CHARLIE, KIM BARNOW AND
SINA LARK HAVE LEFT
HONOLULU AND ARE ABOARD A
CLIPPER SHIP FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Alfred
Hoffman

Across the water-
spanning bridge the
clipper ship drifts -
a beautiful, gleaming
white vessel, with
a hull that catches
light. Charlie
looks out over
the harbor, and
feels a sense of peace.





LATER... IN DR. COFFY'S CANYON...

WOW! I'VE
BEEN HERE FOR
HOURS! I
CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU
AND MR. BROWN
WON'T
LEAVE ME
ALONE!



MR. BROWN, YOU
ARE A
VERY
INTERESTING
PERSON!
I
WANT
TO
KNOW
MORE
ABOUT
YOU!

THEY
THINK
I'M
A
VERY
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KNOW
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ABOUT
YOU!

TODDY

By
GEORGE MARCOUX





SLIM and TUBBY

by

John J. Welch



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFFER
WOUND

GYMON, NIPPIE—
PETE WON'T
COME
OUT
NOW!
NO—I'LL WAIT AN'
GET THAT GUY IF
I HAF TA STAY ALL
DAY! I'LL SHOW
YM---



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO MR. MULLISAN, YES—HE
IS IN JAIL—
AGAIN, EH?
UNCLE
PHIL?
HAD A
FIGHT WITH
HIS WIFE AN'
HE WANTS ME
TO GET HIM
OUT---



MAYBE I SHOULD
GO WITH YOU—
I KNOW
MOST OF
THE JUDGES!



I DON'T
NEED
YOUR HELP
—I CAN
HANDLE
IT MYSELF!

NOW STOP WORRYIN',
MULLISAN—AN'
LEAVE IT ALL
TO ME!

PHIL,
YOU'RE A
PRINCE!



TO GET MR.
MULLISAN OUT,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
GET HIS WIFE TO
WITHDRAW
THE
CHARGE!



HEM—
THAT
SHOULD
BE
EASY---

NOW,
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



I WANT TO TALK
TO YOU ABOUT
YOUR HUSBAND,
MRS. MULLISAN—
MAY I COME IN?



HEY!! YOU CAN'T SLAM
NO DOOR IN MY FACE—
OPEN UP, OR I'LL---



IS THIS GUM
ANNOYIN' YOU,
MRS. MULLISAN?

I'LL SAY
HE IS!



SOMEBODY CALLED
OUR HOUSE AND
SAID MY UNCLE
WANTED TO
SEE ME
DOWDY, MERRY,
SERGEANT---



YES—HE
DOES.
MICKEY—
VERY MUCH!

BAH!! AND YOU
WERE GONNA
GET ME OUT
IN AN HOUR!!

AW
SHUT
UP!!



NIPPLE

HEY
OPEN
WRONG

AW~THE SWIMMING
TEACHER WILL NEVER
KNOW I DOVE
FROM HERE~
NOW
WATCH!

FLOP!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

DON'T PLAY
CRACK THE
WHIP WITH
THOSE BIG
FELLAS,
NIPPIE!

AW—THEY
AIN'T TOO
BIG FOR
ME!

SNAP
IT!

OKAY!

HALP!!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

DO THE KIDS
COME TO
THESE
LECTURES
PRETTY WELL,
MISTER
DOUR?

NO—THEY
DON'T! AND
TONIGHT I DO
WISH WE'D
HAVE A CROWD
FOR THIS VERY
IMPORTANT
SPEAKER!!

WHY SURE,
MICKEY!
WHAT TIME
DOES IT
START?

ABOUT
EIGHT
O'CLOCK,
I GUESS---

NO
KIDDIN'
MICKEY?

NO—I WOULDN'T
FOOL YA--NOW
TELL THE OTHER
KIDS!



MY-MY-MR.
DOUR--WHAT
A NICE BIG
AUDIENCE TO
HEAR ME!

YES—I'M
SO HAPPY
THAT YOU
ARE SO
APPRECIATED,
PROFESSOR!

--AND NOW I SHALL
TELL YOU ABOUT THAT
GREAT PLANET,
JUPITER---

THIS GUY
PUTS YA
TO SLEEP!
I HOPE
MICKEY
WASN'T
KIDDIN'!

SAY!!
MICKEY
DON'T
KID--
WAIT AN
SEC!

THERE
HE IS!
HE'S
WITH
MR.
DOUR!!

--AND
YOU
MEAN
HE'S
HERE
WITH
YOU?

SURE! HE'S
OUT IN THE
HALL--AN'
HE WANTS
TO MEET THE
PROFESSOR!

I'M SURE GLAD
TO MEET YOU,
PROFESSOR--
I'VE SEEN LOTS
OF STARS IN MY
DAY TOO!

DO YOU
THINK HE'D
SAY A FEW
WORDS TO
THE BOYS,
MICKEY?

--AND NOW, BOYS--I
HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR
YOU--A MAN YOU ALL
KNOW--JACK DEMPSEY!

HOO-RAY!!

I'M AFRAID
THE PROFESSOR
IS WISE TO
US, MICKEY!

YEAH--BUT
MR. DOUR
IS TICKLED
JACK!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Do you like thrills, action, mystery, adventure and humor? If so, watch for some of the new comics soon to be added to

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Don't let your business go down.

[illegible]

...and the ...
...and the ...
...and the ...

THE YOUNG MAN
IN THE HAT
IS THE ONLY ONE
WHO IS NOT
A PART OF THE
FAMILY.

[illegible]

Many of these are serious, but it is important to note that the majority of the cases are mild and self-limiting. In fact, the majority of cases are mild and self-limiting.

PIRANHAS!!



卷之四

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE



1. *Proprietary* – This is the most common form of ownership. It is owned by one person or a group of people. The owner has the right to sell, lease, or otherwise dispose of the property as they see fit.



ROYAL: the first

was called Tongue



TRY THIS **ROYAL PORTABLE** IN YOUR OWN HOME FREE!



COUPON BRINGS DETAILS... MAIL TODAY!

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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